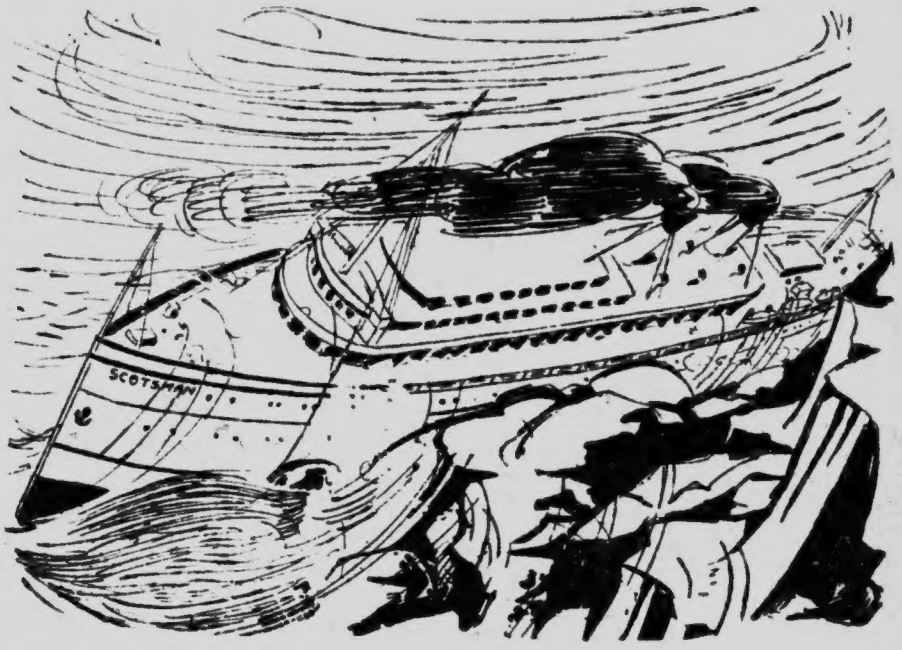
THE WRECK OF THE "SCOTSMAN"

and the Grace of God

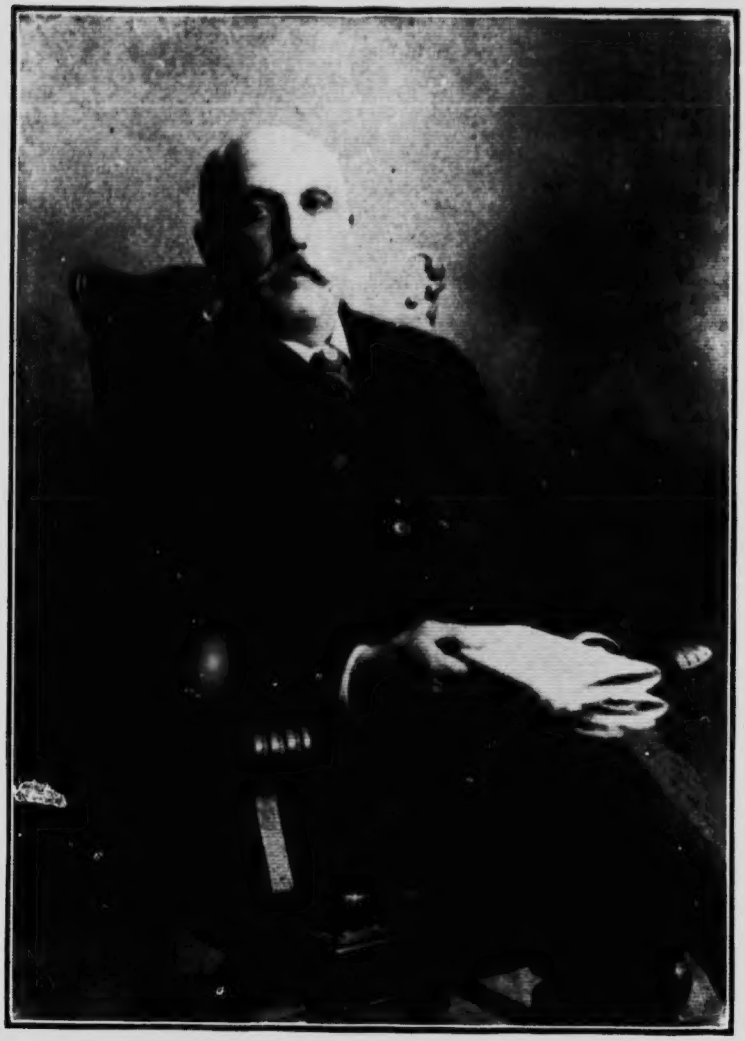
J. JOHNSON



PRICE 15 CENTS

Not in Watters

75.00



Yours sincerely,

John Johnson

Please send to me

The Wreck of the "Scotsman"

and

THE GRACE OF GOD

This thrilling Story is written by a Survivor,
J. Johnston, 610 Logan Ave.
Toronta, Canada.

TORONTO
THE L. S. HAYNES PRESS
502 YONGE STREET

THE AUTHOR'S CONFESSION OF FAITH IN CHRIST

I want no other name but Thine,
Oh, blessed Jesus Christ divine. Acts 4:12.

For Thou hast died that I might live
And all that in Thy name believe John 3:16.

The Holy Ghost, whom we receive,
Our witness is, when we believe;
Then works of love at once begin,
And we have victory over sin. 1 John 5: 10.

Jesus hung on the tree,
He died and saved me;
His blood as a ransom was given,
My sin is all pardoned,
My soul it is free,
And I filled with the glory of heaven.
1 Peter 1:2, 3, 4.

Oh, rapturous thought,
With His blood I am bought,
Myself I shall nevermore own. 1 Cor. 6:20.

For I am bought with a price,
And forever redeemed,
For my sin His own blood did atone.

His feet and His hands were nailed to the cross;
"It is finished," my soul hears the cry,
For His Word I believe,
Oh, glory to God,
And His promise is, I'll never die. John 11:26.

"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved," Mark 16:16.

John Johnson.

610 Logan Ave.

Wreck of the Scotsman

SEPTEMBER 22ND, 1899.

God's Word declares that Time and Chance happens to all men.—Eccles. 9. 11.

After much difficulty in obtaining a berth in a steamship of the Dominion ocean line, called the the *Scotsman,* I sailed from Liverpool, England, on the above date. The night was clear and fine, the company of passengers aboard were select, and the crew and officers were good and efficient, with the exception of the firemen, who were taken from the wharves at Liverpool casually, owing to the fact that a strike had taken place among them, and when the ship was ready to start strangers of any character had to be sought and obtained to attend to the fires, which was all right as long as the vessel was under discipline of the captain's orders. Captain Skrimshaw was in command, a man of great experience of ocean life.

The second day being Saturday, the weather was somewhat cloudy, and promised a storm, which rapidly gained headway, and the sea arose with fury, and the vessel tossed about in all directions. The violence of the waves was so great that the officers were compelled to batten down the hatchways, so cutting of access to the deck.

The third day came, which was Sunday, and which I can never forget. The height and depth of those immense waves I cannot describe accurately, no more than they appeared like mountain and valley.

The fifth day, Tuesday, it slightly abated, and the sixth day, Wednesday, it was about the same, not much change; but by the seventh day, Thursday, the raging wind and waves had abated, and the condition of the ocean was gradually becoming normal. My friend, Mr. Ward, an army colonel, from Barrie, Canada, was walking with me around the deck, expressing his gratitude for the abating of the storm, after which we retired for the

night to our staterooms. I occupied a lower berth, No. 2 from the ceiling, near the floor. I turned in, and was soon asleep. I was suddenly awakened by the violent shutting of the stateroom door by a young man, one of the passengers. I asked him the time. He said, "A quarter to three o'clock." This was now Friday morning. I also asked where he had been. He said, "I have been playing cards in the stateroom." I reproved him for card-playing, telling him that it generally led on to gambling, and for that reason I did not like cards. Having just expressed these words, the ship struck the rocks with indescribable force. The impact was so severe that all were thrown of their berths, many nearly killed. I was thrown up into the mattress springs of the bed above me. I got out, and on my knees prayed the prayer that Jesus taught us to pray, "Our Father," etc., praying also to be delivered from all fear. The answer came at once and before I was off my knees. I was, by God's eternal grace,

delivered and free from any fear and completely resigned to His Divine and Holy will, and the sweet messages of His Spirit filled my soul, and the perfect love of His cast out all fear. The ship had now listed to an angle. The groans of the suffering were painful. I dressed completely; then, putting on a life belt and having tied the regulation four knots, I proceeded to help others. The first I met was a lady in distress, with a child clinging to her dress. She said, in despair, "What is the matter?" I told her to get up to the top deck at once. The officers called out, "All hands on deck. The ship is going down!" I then met a Church of England minister, who had fainted and was quite helpless from fear; then a wrestler from Ireland, a very strong man physically. He said, in great distress, to me, "Do you think we are going down!" "Well," I said, "the officers say we are; but," I said, "even so, why are you afraid, for God has made an appointment?" He said, "It is appointed unto men once to die, and after

this the Judgment is what man fears." Because he is an unbeliever, and that is the worst type of sin.

I have heard plenty of unbelievers say they were not afraid of death, but I never heard one say he was not afraid of the Judgment. It is only those who have received Christ Jesus, God's only begotten and given Son, as their Saviour, and as helpless sinners have trusted in the merits of His atoning blood for their complete and eternal salvation. These are they who fear not the Judgment. Because Christ died for the ungodly, and paid the penalty of their sin on the cross. He bore the cross for them, and despised the shame, and men are lost because they don't receive Him, and they can't receive Him, because they don't believe Him the only begotten Son of God, and they are condemned already.

I tried to help this man into the Kingdom. I also assisted him to put on his life belt, but he fled from that awful fear. The sting of death was upon him. I had

to leave him and ascend the stairway to the top deck by feeling the steps, for it was very dark, the lights all out, and a heavy fog on the sea and rocks. Then a young man was on the stairs making his way up to the top deck, and told me that God helped those who helped themselves. I told him all the thieves said that and kept on stealing; but God always helps all who trust Him, so he left me and got upstairs. A sailor came next, and told me to hasten up to the top deck, as the ship would soon sink

I was soon at the upper deck, and the sounds of distress, the groaning, the darkness, the waves falling over the ship, then the captain, speaking through a megaphone, ordered women and children first to be lowered into the lifeboats and put off to sea, as our ship was sinking gradually. This was a most awful experience. The boats had to be lowered down to the sea and the ropes made fast to allow the women and children to be put into them by means of chair lines. The separating

of husbands and wives was a painful proceeding, but it had to be done. There were four boats let down into the sea for the women and children to be rescued, three on the starboard side and one on the port side. I was present when the boat on the port side was started, with fourteen women, four children and four sailors, and having just been released from the ship's side, an immense wave struck the ship with great fury, cutting off the twin propellers, which were placed on 16-inch steel shafting, and casting them on the rocks, and the same lifeboat, with the twenty-two souls in it, was in a moment dashed to pieces on the rocks, and all hands lost in the sea at once. We heard the terrible death cry of a woman who had been dashed out of the lifeboat. It was, "Charlie, save me!" This Charlie was a London Englishman; it was her husband, who stood in front of me with his back close to the taffrail. He heard his wife's voice, and at once lost all discretion and prepared to jump into the sea to save her.

I knew it meant death to him, and without a word I lowered my hand to grasp the taffrail supporting rod on one side of him, and then felt for another rod on the other side of him, having now a good hold. I then sprang my two knees tightly to his body, and so pinned him to the taffrail. He was a strong man, and in his struggle to get over into the sea to his wife he pounded away at me, but I was able to stand it all to save his life. Then the first mate came along and poured some cold water over his head, which caused him to cease his struggle, after which he suddenly collapsed. I then got him away from that position, and in the darkness we fell over a covered hatchway, which formed a seat. I tried to console him, but it was almost impossible, and we sat there for about two hours, until at last I discovered the daylight appearing through the fog; but it was still a fog, and you could not see. Shortly after that the fog began to lift, and then we gradually saw our awful position. Miles of rocks

each way on one side and the great Atlantic on the other; the bottom of the ship torn out and filled eighteen feet high with rock. Many passengers had been washed off into the ocean and lost, and the rest all in distress. The next thing was to get ladders and lash them together, and wade them out until they touched the nearest piece of rock, which had the appearance of stepping stones toward the big rocks at the back of them. That being accomplished, I was the first one selected to go down that ladder to the rocks. A most terrible, dangerous experience, but I was placed on the ladder, and was ordered to lay flat on the ladder, face down and feet first, and so descend and take "my chance." I did so, trusting in God's grace only for guidance, and when I reached the bottom I stood on the first piece of rock, and right before me there was another small rock under the water. I could see about seven feet away. I cannot swim, it was too far to step, but Jesus was there, and spoke to my soul, by His eternal

word, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee." Oh, what need we more than the word of the living Eternal God to rest on. At once I jumped into the sea and caught the other rock, and was so enabled to climb on to it, and then to my delight I could see another, to which I jumped and caught, and was by that means permitted to gain the big rock. How I praised God. He was all in all to me. The Captain was most intently watching me. As I was the first one delivered from the ship, and he called and told me to ascend the big rock, and climb until I found a ledge. It was very steep, and in some places scarcely accessible, but the same God who had made my way in the sea and a path through the mighty waters just guided my judgment and my feet to climb to a ledge 208 feet from the sea.

This ledge varied in width from 20 to 200 feet; back and behind it again rose another height of 200 feet to the summit. I looked back to see where I had climbed,

and I am sure, were you to see it, you could scarcely believe a person unaccustomed to climbing could accomplish such a feat, but all things are possible with God, and also to Him that believeth. Now down on a rock below there were several women and small children, and I began to consider how to get those children up to the ledge. I called down to a sailor, who promised to fire up a split shot from a rifle, with a wire through it, and the wire would be connected with a string, and the string to a line, and then a rope, which I could pull up, which he would attach to a chair line, containing a child. This we did, and so raised nineteen children to the ledge, followed up by their mothers. The poor women came up half dressed, and their poor hands and feet cut and scratched by the rocks.

The ship struck the rocks so sudden, and in the darkness and awful excitement, so they could not find their clothing or get fully dressed. The Captain then came on the scene and told us to treat all the

women as sisters, and protect them the best we could. So we persuaded them to set back with their children against the wall of high rock behind, and the evening approached, and darkness came on, and a running chair line had been constructed from the wrecked ship to the rocks, by which many were rapidly being landed.

Suddenly a woman with two children, one in arms, and she in great distress, cried in despair and agony of mind, believing that her baby was dying in the cold night air. I asked her to lend the baby to me and I would care for it by keeping it in my overcoat all night. She at last consented, and I kept the baby three nights in my coat. She got over safe and reached her home in Westminster, B.C. Her husband wrote to thank me and offered to reward me, but I refused to take anything, and told him to thank God, for unto Him is all the praise.

After lying and sitting on the rocks for three days and nights some four men offered to explore the island; so taking

a log line and compass they started out, and returned in two days, giving a very discouraging account of their adventure of many hardships in crossing to a light-house, nineteen miles away.

In the meantime many were nearly famished for food, which was very hard to get, as all the provisions left on the wreck were now under water, except a little that was saved before the ship listed over. It was a few boxes of biscuits, and they were soaked. The first mate came up to the women and children first, and offered one handful to each one reaching out their left hand. After this the men were to do the same. One well-dressed man begged hard for a second handful, stating that he was hungry, and on being refused said for an apology, "I am a first-class passenger, you know, and I thought I was entitled to that privilege." The mate, in answer, told him that on these rocks there were no first-class passengers, and we were all equal, and if he had the Bank of Montreal, with all its

gold, it would not purchase a loaf of bread.

After three days and nights at this place we now, by the advice of the ship's doctor and the captain's orders, all that are able, start across the island for the lighthouse, ten miles distant, as a bird would fly, but nineteen miles to walk and climb, owing to the fact that so many small lakes were on the island, and we had to walk around them, and our only guide was the sun.

As the lighthouse was due west, in the same direction as the sun was going, and our orders were if it climbed up so that we could not see the sun we were not to travel, as there would be danger of being lost.

I will never forget that journey to the lighthouse, with all its attendant horrors. We had to ascent more heights to gain the top of the island—200 feet higher. Everyone had to climb for himself. In my course of climbing I came to a fizzure several feet wide, and had to descend to

its base to gain access to its further side. Having do so, I now climbed up a steep path to a level which ran back to a wall of rock, out of which ran a most beautiful stream of clear spring water into a deep pool, out of which I drank out of my two hands. The next minute I heard a woman's voice calling, "I am dying!" I looked and could see no one, and then stepped back a few feet and I saw a woman fallen, face down, [illegible] the rocks. I went to her assistance, and asked the trouble. She said, "I am dying for a drink of water." I helped her to her feet and took her to the crystal stream, and she drank eight handfuls of that water, which revived her, and she went on her way.

Dear reader,' do you want "Life Eternal?" Here it is in these words of God: "If any man thirst, let him come, and whosoever will, let him come and take the water of life freely."

This poor woman had no belief that the very water that could save her life, that

she was really dying for, was so near, so very near. So the sinner does not believe how near, so very near, is that precious Word of God, that testimony of the Blood of Christ, God's Son, that blots out every sin and stain for ever; to be remembered no more, and the inheritance at once of Eternal Life, the gift of God, purchased by love and grace by the death of God's Son, Jesus Christ. The only name under all heaven whereby we must be saved.—Acts 4. 12.

We now proceed over the rugged rocks under the direction of the sun, around lakes, over shallow cascades, running from upper to lower lakes, crossing them by means of stepping stones, carrying on our backs the children, and resuming our walk over hard ironstone, and sometimes a very soft growth of moss, which sinks under your feet, and impedes your journey and tires you out to exhaustion.

Many dropped and could not proceed, and had to lay and perish by the way. Oh, how pitiable was the sight of these

dear people, some young and others in the prime of life, but it simply was the survival of the fittest in this awful extremity.

We had a strong head wind to face, which made it hard to walk against, and harder to be heard by those ahead. Many called, but could not be heard. We walked all day, and night came on, and soon we came to a small lake at the back of which was a wall of ironstone ten feet high. Under this many of us laid down on the damp moss. Someone tried to start a fire, but nothing would burn, only smother and smoke. As the smoke ascended others saw it and came in under the wall. One young man, who was a cripple with clubbed feet. He had been to the Old Country to receive a legacy of $14,000, and like many more young men had not discretion enough to keep his business to himself. He had to tell others. So the lower order of bad men that were firing on the ship, it is supposed and believed, waylaid him up to that point, and afterwards robbed and murdered him;

The only true and sound advice to all we find in God's Holy Word, "Let not your right hand know what your left hand doeth;" how many thousands have lost their best opportunities, their situations, their business, and sometimes, as in these cases, their life through not taking this advice.

We rise early at sunrise, having had no sleep in the cold night air, and hungry and faint, for in four and one-half days we had no food but the wet handful of bread.

We walked on till 10.30 in the direction of the lighthouse, and without notice I dropped on my knees, the feet and ankles had been so strained they gave out. I could proceed no further. Mr. Scott, the man who lost his wife in the sea, he thought I had dropped to die, and wanted to stay by me at the risk of his own life, but I wanted him to go on with the rest to the lighthouse. I told him I was just as near heaven on those rocks as I would be in Toronto, and that God, who has de-

clared that, "Certainly I will be with thee, and I will never leave thee or forsake thee," was there to do His will. He threw his blanket over me and went on. I was soon asleep and had a beautiful dream, and in that dream heard a voice speaking to me, "So I will save thee and thou shalt be a blessing."

I awoke naturally, it was about one o'clock midda ; the sun was bright, and all around was silence; not a sound, but nature in its awful grandeur. I was happy, yes, more than happy; I was filled with joy. God was there and His presence filled my soul. I would trust His promise, for I knew that it is impossible for God to lie. And—

Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dream I'd be
Nearer my God to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Yes, dear reader, the greater the trial the severer the test; the nearer and the sweeter is the presence of God in the person of Christ. This was realized by Daniel in the den of lions, and Shadrach Meshach and Abednego in the fiery furnace when God's presence was with them; that even the smell of fire was not on them. Can you think of anything more wicked than to doubt God. I cannot. It is an awful stage of sin. It means condemnation. Jesus says He that believeth not is condemned already. I looked to the right of my position and I saw on a distant cliff something moving toward me. Then I lost sight of it. Then again in a few moments it appeared, and I found it to be a man. He waved his hat to me, and after half an hour's time he was at my side—a brave coast-guard, from a distant cliff, where the English lighthouse was situated. He greeted me with kindness, and assisted me to rise and walk. I did so, but was soon exhausted, having proceeded some short distance. We saw to the left-hand

side of us a dead woman, with her pet dog at her side, also dead.

He then remarked that this island was an awful place, and his Captain never allowed the coast-guards to go back on the island any distance from the lighthouse on the cliff for fear of getting lost. As they had heard by signal of our condition they were sent to find us if possible, and conduct us to the lighthouse. Shortly after this conversation I dropped again, not being able to proceed any further just then, being exhausted for want of food. He then showed me, in the distance, what appeared to be a pole, which was in reality the flagstaff of an English lighthouse. He also advised me to lie and rest until he came with his mate to help me into the lighthouse, but if I felt better after a rest to try and get in closer. I did so, on my hands and knees, a painful experience, having to go around one small lake about 500 yards long. After this I stopped for another rest. I was now nearer the lighthouse; then to my delight they saw me

from the cupulo window, and waved their hats; so after they were out, to carry me in, three of them, and when they got me to the lighthouse they showed me great kindness and attention. They rubbed my limbs and gave me stimulants to help circulation, and I was soon having a good meal, the first in four days and a half.

After supper I was put to bed on a spring mattress, without much covering, and during the night I awoke to gain a strange experience. All at once three men came into the room, well-dressed, and sat down. One of them said, "I would give anything if I could hear from someone about Alf. Green, the lad with the clubbed feet, who went to get his legacy of $14,000. No one seems to know if he ever was saved from that wreck."

Now I tried to speak, for I knew of him up to the time the firemen got him to go with them; but, no, I could not get my voice to speak a word, although I tried hard. It was a "mystery," but they went away and was never seen again, and an

hour afterwards one of the coast-guards came up and asked how I was. I told him I was better, and I could talk all right. The secret of Alf. Green's mysterious disappearance I was not permitted to reveal.

I was now much better, and able to get downstairs to breakfast. Shortly after a man-of-war officer entered the lighthouse and demanded all those who were rescued from the wreck in the name of the Queen. We who were able were marched in line down the south side of the island, which was not so steep, and led us to the rescue ship called the *Grecian*. This was a merchant vessel on her way for Quebec, but was stopped by a English man-of-war and sent to our rescue at once. When we arrived at the landing stage the ship was one-half mile out at sea; so we had to be conveyed over in lifeboats. I will never forget the sight of those dismal-looking barren rocks; yet by means of them we were saved. Only for those rocks we would have perished. After being rowed

to the rescue ship we were with great difficulty assisted to the upper deck, as the sea was at a heavy swell. The captain received us with great kindness, and had a good dinner for all. Afterwards he had all the berths cleared out for women and children, and then the men were considered—an unfailing rule in distress on the ocean. After being on deck a short time the mate informed me that all the men were provided with a berth but me.

"Oh," I said, "never mind, sir," and while I was speaking a tall, good-natured Scotchman came up and said to me:

"Follow me, mon; will gid thee a berth."

This man took me into a beautiful fitted up cabin, and offered me one of the two berths to sleep in. There was a fine lounge and library. This was the best berth in the ship, except the captain's; for this same Scotchman turned out to be the chief engineer.

Oh, how I praised God. It looked as if there was no place to lay my head, but

"God had provided" a way, and He says that all things are of God who hath reconciled us to Himself by Jesus Christ. 2 Cor. 5:10. Oh, for faith to know He guides us at every step, in every trial, through every storm, and will never, no, never, forsake.

Many who were pitying me, as it was said there was no berth for me, were now equally surprised, and wondered how I had gained such good quarters. The first mate came into the cabin and offered me some newspapers and other periodicals to read. I refused them with thanks, and asked him for a Bible. He said, "A Bible; well we have one around somewhere, and the engineer found one, an old book, but in good condition, having had very little use. I opened and read to them the 18th Psalm, in which God describes Himself as everything to those who trust Him, and as that experience has been too real to be doubted. The mate said, "Is that in the Bible?" I said, "Are you really aware that this, what you call the

Bible, is God's own Eternal Word, and it is the power of God unto salvation, unto all who believe it? Men are saved from the penalty of sin and justified from all things through believing the record that God gave of His Son." See 1 John 5. 11 and 12. And this is the record that God hath given us—Eternal Life—and this Life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath Life, and he that hath not the Son hath not Life." He seemed astonished, and went off to his duty.

We proceeded on our journey, and finally arrived at our destination at Quebec. We tie up at the dock, and a man-of-war officer steps aboard from one of England's battleships and demands in the name of the Queen to see the wrecked passengers from off the *Scotsman*. We were all commanded to stand in line, and the same gentleman in his uniform came and shook hands and told us with much kindness that he came to comfort us and send us to our destination, and then, turning to our captain,

demanded that all of those firemen who had stolen jewelry and behaved disgracefully were to be ordered to stand before him in line. After this being done as he commanded, he ordered 13 detectives, who had also come on deck from Quebec City, to handcuff these men and take them up to the Citadel. They proceeded, and when coming to the ninth man he refused to be handcuffed, saying with an oath that he would never be taken alive. In an instant this uniformed officer stepped up to him and, pointing a loaded revolver, simply said: "We will take you dead if you refuse to come alive. He at once surrendered when finding himself so near death. Another man in that same gang had one of his legs apparently bandaged up with a red handkerchief, which was discovered by the same officer, who told the mate to cut that bandage loose, which he did, and out of it dropped jewelry, ladies' earrings, finger rings, watches and chains that he had stolen and hidden there, having no other place to conceal them. They were

soon all handcuffed, and with a ratline passed through their arms, marched up to the Citadel under arms.

Now this good officer send four or five carriages to convey us all to a large hotel in Quebec, and here we were provided with a splendid dinner and every comfort combined. He himself superintended, and had us all sing "Grace," and after a good repast we were conveyed to the C. P. R. station, and he ordered the line cleared, and we were sent on in a special train to Montreal.

Mr. Scott, who lost his wife in the sea, is under my care, and his mind is distracted terribly, and I have to watch him closely. We arrive at Montreal, and an officer boards the car and orders us to follow him to an hotel, but there is no room for us; the beds are all taken. We go on to another hotel, and I and Mr. Scott are placed in a parlor bedroom at the top of the hotel, and the officer cautioned me to look carefully after Mr. Scott. I promised to do so by God's help, for he was a powerful

man, and I was the only man in his presence. I prayed to God about how I should act. The answer came to my mind at once Lock the door, put the key in your pocket, put your own bed in front of the window, and sleep with your clothes on. I then got Mr. Scott undressed and into his bed, and then I lay on my own bed, and about midnight he got out of his bed and said his wife Emma was downstairs, and he was going down in this deluded state. He rushed to the door at the head of the stairway, which I was directed to lock. I had the key, and he could not get out. I went to him, and by kindness persuaded him to get to his bed. He did so, and after some two hours' sleep he jumped out of bed and made for the window, the front of which was intercepted by my bed. He was this time determined to get down to see his wife, who, he said, was down there waiting for him. I will never forget the struggle I had with him to prevent his death by jumping out of the window at the top of the hotel. Oh, the wisdom and goodness

of God! His love is unsearchable, and His ways past finding out. After getting him to lie down once more, the morning dawned, and the bell rang for the early breakfast. I was glad, for I had not slept, and how to get Mr. Scott down was a problem. I had to help dress him and get him down to breakfast, and after doing so had to almost feed him, he was helplessly in despair about the loss of his wife, and going to see his only son, who was station-master at Port Arthur.

While at breakfast an officer came and told me that from those firemen thieves the police had taken $13,000 of jewelry and money, which they had stolen from the passengers' cabins and the satchels and persons of the passengers in the deep fog while the ship was in distress and themselves not under discipline. Mr. Scott and I were ordered to go down to the police precinct in Montreal to view all the stolen articles and claim anything that belonged to us, if any, but as we could not see anything belonging to us, we returned

by street car, and while returning he suddenly declared that his wife was on top of Mount Royal waiting for him. It was no good trying to persuade him. I had to change cars and take him to a place I had never been myself, for I was a stranger in Montreal. However, we came to the mountain, with its ascending elevators. One was going up, and the other coming down. We got seated in one of them. I held his hand, for I could not trust his mind. On arriving at the summit we saw the lake. I made no remark to his unsound mind about his wife, but I saw a man selling books and allowing people for a small sum to look out of his telescopes at the most magnificent scenery. Soon after this the newsboys were shouting from the streets below, "All about the shipwreck of the *Scotsman*. More bodies found," etc. I told him, and in his excitement made for the descending car. Taking our seats, we were rapidly transferred to the base of the mountain, and buying a newspaper, we boarded a car for the hotel.

Having arrived there, a detective and a Government officer awaited us, and I was requested to give my accurate experience of the shipwreck to the Government, also my portrait, which they had taken. Poor Scott! I pitied him. He could only talk and cry about his poor Emma. I had to care for one more night, and the officer suggested that I take him to an asylum. I said, "No. Do you think I would betray my honor in breaking my promise to care for him after saving his life? No. I will spend my last cent to see him on the way to Port Arthur to see his son. He had lost his hat. I had lost, as I thought all I had, about $400, in my berth. I had to leave it. It was life or death. There was no time to think of anything. You had to leave it or be lost. But God was here again to remind me of a $20 gold piece I had tied up inside my pants pocket, and I had come all through those waters and over and up those rocks and had forgotten I had tied it in my clothes before I left England, and in my gratitude to God I forgot my

trouble in losing $400. This $20 gold piece seemed a fortune in my extremity, which is always God's opportunity. I thought I could now buy Mr. Scott a new hat, which I did. I thought I could pay his fare to Port Arthur, for he had lost his ticket, and had no money, but God was here and showed His grace, and the officer came along and said: "I'll stamp Mr. Scott a ticket for Port Arthur with the Government stamp 'Free,' and yours also to Toronto." Praise God! His mercy endureth forever. It matters not what comes or goes in my life, I trust that I shall never doubt God, for unbelief of God's Word is the great cardinal sin, and the parent of all other sin and crime, and an unwavering condemnation in God's sight.

I then placed in Mr. Scott's hand some money and placed him in a car going to Port Arthur, giving the kind passengers instructions to watch him, and one man promised to deliver him to his son. I have never seen nor heard of him since, but I

know by faith he was restored to his son, for I had prayed for him, and Jesus said, "Whatsover you ask the Father in My name, that I will do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son." John 14. 13.

This most holy evidence of things unseen is far more real than the things that are seen, because without faith it is impossible to please God.

I now start for Toronto, and when I arrive many are waiting to meet me, having seen the account of the wreck and its survivors in the newspapers, but owing to the fact that I was so overdone and exhausted by my adventure and experience I managed to get out at the rear end of the car and so avoided observation. I gained the street and met the car that brought me safely home to Parliament Street, where I got rest and consciousness of God's abiding love and presence. Since then I have not ceased to proclaim His grace to me a sinner saved through the shed blood of the Son of God at Calvary's Cross. "Jesus only."

THE LOVE STORY

FROM THE WRECK OF THE "SCOTSMAN."

When the vessel was in distress the three other lifeboats that were lowered to save, if possible, the women and children from the starboard side of the vessel while the storm was so violent were commanded by the captain to keep out on the sea and not to get in too close to the wreck, to avoid being dashed to pieces. They were out fourteen hours. One woman died from exhaustion and fear after the storm abated. The captain ordered lines to be thrown out to the lifeboats, which were now permitted to come closer to the side of the wreck, and the lines were looped under the arms of the women and they were pulled in toward the ship and taken in the gangway, then placed on a chair line and conveyed over the chasm to the rocks. One young woman slipped from the loop into the sea and sank. The cry came, "Save her!" It was getting dark, but in a moment a young man, who could not swim, called for a line, which he tied

around his own body, and jumped in to try and save the woman. After a short time he got her by the hand and called for another line, which was placed around her body, and they were both hauled by the sailors up the side of the wreck to the gangway and swung in. She was almost lifeless. The doctor was there, and gave very little hope, but was doing all he could. She was rolled on barrels to get the water from the lungs, and soon after this signs of recovery appeared, and, gaining strength, she was soon able to speak and thank the doctor with deep-felt gratitude for saving her life. The doctor at once said, "It is not me you have to thank. I have only tried to restore you; but that young man, he is the one that deserves all the praise for his bravery in jumping into the sea at the risk of his own life to save you, which he has done. No one else would have done it, as there are so many sharks around here, and he was no swimmer, either. Therefore, as I said, he deserves all the praise." "Well, doctor, if

that is true, I don't know how to show my gratitude. I will never leave him as long as I live." The doctor said: "Well, suppose he is married?" She said: "That makes no difference. I owe him my life."

Dear Reader, Jesus died to save *you* from hell, and you owe Him your life, for He says you are not your own, for you are bought with a price.

It so happened that the young man was single, and she followed him and seemed to depend upon him entirely for safety and protection, with a cool determination never to leave him. He conducted her across the rocks, but becoming exhausted for want of food, she fell by the way. He now left her in charge of some friends, and went on his way to the lighthouse, where he obtained some blankets and two sticks sewn in the ends to form a stretcher, and with the assistance of others carried her to the lighthouse, where they remained till morning. Then a man-of-war officer was sent to get all the women and children first to the rescue ship. Upon all being formed

in line to start, this young woman refused to go without the young man. "No," she repeated, "he has saved my life. I will never leave him." It was no use. She had to be left, and when the officer arrived at the rescue ship with the women he told the captain the story of the love and fidelity of the one he had left behind. The captain said. "It is all right; just go back and bring him and her only, and I will see them sent to their destination. Accordingly they were brought, and after arriving at Quebec she said: "You don't know who I am that you have saved. I am the youngest daughter of a wealthy shipowner at Liverpool, England, and I am come to Canada to see my aunt, that is my father's oldest sister. She resides at Ottawa. I will telegraph to her, and you and I will go to-morrow." They now proceed on the morrow to Ottawa, and on arriving at the station she is placed in a carriage, and he is placed in an arm-chair and carried on the shoulders of men friends to the aunt's residence. After a stay of a

few days at Ottawa, he had to return to England, as he was buying horses for the United States, and had lost 19 horses in the wreck, and he had to replace them. She agreed to stay at her aunt's at Ottawa until his return, and when he arrived at Liverpool he visited her father, who was the Honorable J. McGregor, shipowner, who, having heard of the terrible calamity of the daughter, also of the bravery of this young man, with tears of joy in his eyes, he addressed the young man, and as a gift gave him his daughter for a wife, as he well deserved her, and she him for her fidelity. and now he said: "When you get back to Canada let me know, and I will come over and present you with a new home and my daughter, for if she had been lost in the sea I would never have survived her long, as she is so much like my dear departed wife, and is named after her. On his return to Canada he called to visit me, and told me the story as I have related it, and, much to my surprise, this same young lady that he saved was a Christian and a fine

piano player, and when preaching the Gospel was refused on the ship, I sang and she played, so that all who desired could hear that beautiful love song:—

I gave my life for thee,

God says: "Cursed is the man that trusteth in man, and he that trusteth his own head is a fool."

Dear Reader, what are you trusting in for salvation?

"Jesus is the only name; neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name given under heaven whereby we must be saved. And by the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified in His sight." Rom. 3. 20.

Will you receive the Son of God by faith as your Saviour *now?* For God says as many as received Him to them gave He the power to become the sons of God even to them that believe on His Name.

Now is God's time; let it be yours. Now don't neglect it, for God says: "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation."

JOHN JOHNSON,

COPY OF LETTER

received from an unknown listener to this lecture given at Wetwang, Yorkshire, England, October 27, 1907:—

Hull, Yorkshire, Oct. 29, 1907.

DEAR SIR,—I congratulate you on the splendid way in which you gave the lecture on Friday night, "From England to America, with its awful experiences." Though it was listened to with much interest, yet the shipwreck in itself must have been a most bitter experience for the poor souls that were lost and wounded in their struggle. Yet I was glad to hear that there was one among them whose faith was in the Lord, who never fails those that trust Him, for I think it would be a great encouragement to all for the splendid testimony that you gave to God's Word and his blessed Book, for His great deliv- God, for the great truth that none but the erance. I, with you, believe in the Triune Almighty God could create us. None but the Lord Jesus Christ could save us, and none but the Holy Spirit could guide us

and protect us. In your case, dear brother, you found that the secret of the Lord is with them that trust Him, and He will show them His covenant. I also learned from the lecture that the infidel soon let go his infidelity when facing the jaws of death. For if ever a man does state facts, it is, I believe, when he is going to his destiny. I hope that God will still spare you to bear testimony to His saving grace, and when your mission of this life shall begin to cease you will be able to say with the Apostle Paul, "I have fought a good fight, and have finished my course. I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the Righteous Judge, shall give unto me on that day, and not to me only, but to all them that love His appearing."

Yours in Christ, A LISTENER.

One of the passengers who claimed there was no hell, acknowledged that he now believed there was no hell, said he was going there. Soon after that awful testimony he was washed off by a big wave into the ocean. So much for infidelity.

THE WRECK OF THE "SCOTSMAN"

Mr. J. Johnson, 610 Logan Avenue, gave a lecture in the Workingmen's Home, Toronto, on Monday evening, the 22nd February, 1904, his subject being "The Wreck of the *Scotsman,*" which was so intensely thrilling and interesting, especially to one man, that he penned the following poem the day after.

Mr. Ford belongs to the Workingmen's Home, and was converted the 16th November, 1903.

The good ship *Scotsman,* from a foreign shore
Sets sail with passengers, many a score,
Who have bid farewell to kith and kin,
Some never to see each other again.

The good ship glides o'er the waters calm,
The passengers are merry, dreaming no harm,
The band plays sweetly; 'tis pleasant indeed,

There's no fear of danger they all seem
agreed.
And so for a few days, all seems to go well,
When suddenly the sea commences to
swell,
The waves increase and soon rise so high
They seem to be almost touching the sky.

'Tis an awful sight, friends, to hear those
sighs
From broken hearts, and despairing cries
Of fathers, mothers, husbands and wives,
Cry, "Oh, God of Mercy, please save our
lives!"

All at once, without warning, they experi-
ence a shock.
The Captain cries lustily, "The ship's
struck a rock.
First, let the women and children get in
The lifeboat, and then we'll look after the
men."

Thus many were lost, and some few were
saved.
One man lost wife and reason, and raved;
But many returned to their native land,

Thanking God for deliverance by His Mighty Hand.

Oh! friends, could we all see the danger we're in,
When plunged deep in crime, and the ocean of sin,
As poor shipwrecked souls, our heart's cry would be,
"Save, Lord, or I perish! Have mercy on me!"

'Tis terrible the thought to be drowned in the sea,
To be hurled suddenly into Eternity,
To hear the awful despairing cry,
"My God! I'm lost! I'm not fit to die."

Wrecked fortunes, wrecked souls, wrecked homes, wrecked lives,
Wrecked happiness of mothers, husbands and wives.
What an awful shipwreck our lives have been,
Reaping but misery, brought on by sin.

List, friends, cheer up, for this is no shock,
There's a way of escape by way of the Rock.

Listen, the voice of our Captain says
"'Come,
Believe in Me, trust Me, forsake sin, and
come home."

Christ is our Rock, our Captain and
Guide,
In Him we're secure, in Him we confide,
If tempted or tried, if sick or distressed,
By trusting in Jesus we're sure to be blest.

Friends, we've been told over and over
again,
To believe in Christ Jesus, the Lamb that
was slain.
I will not cast out—once more hear His
word,
All that come unto me, said our blessed
Lord.

My shipwrecked brother, just let me im-
plore
To make your calling and election sure
By trusting in Jesus, our Captain and
Friend,
Who is able to save you and keep to the
end.

F. J. Ford.